

ING SCENE.
says: Lucille Romeo, with blue eyes and neatly dressed, was in Sixth Court of Cor-
charge of vagrancy.—
you?" said the ma-
good sir," she replied
any friends; my father
dad. I have only my
life is as young as I
it could be for me;
and you to the house or
I am, sister. Here
cried a childlike voice
of the court. And
a little boy, with
ence, started forth from
rowd, and stood before
"Who are you?" said
the brother of this
ourage?" Thirteen,
want?" I come to
But have you, then
riding for her?" Yes,
now I have. Don't
"Oh! how good you
register to James—
boy, the court is dis-
for your sister.—
give it some expla-
Just a fortnight ago
of a bad cough, for
some. We were in
I said to myself,
artisan, and when
I will support my
apprentices to a brus-
I used to carry her
at night I took her
in, and she slept it
on the floor, wrap-
use. But it appeared
not enough to eat
fortunately begged or
Then I heard she
was myself, come, my
last; you must find
I very much wished
an, but at last I deci-
and I have found
there I am lodged, fed,
have twenty frances a
also found a good
we twenty frances a
and, teach her nee-
my sister?" Lucille,
"Oh, how good you
register to James.—
My is very honorable.—
gives you to persevere
you will prosper.—
decided to render up
and she was going
in her brother, when
said: "You can-
till to-morrow.—
Lucille, I will
early to-morrow.—
I may kiss her, may
you threw him self-
sister, and both wept
Sailor's Magazine.

WSPAPER.

pointed remarks upon
counting county news-
views, so extremely
them instead of any-
They are from the
Ellis, of the Ohio Ea-
is the library of the
newspapers are ex-
paid for, you will find
and enterprisin
newspaper, comin
from the press, wit
itorial notices, and it
is a powerful stim-
appetite and natural
or useful knowledg
sharpens the mental v
contributes to the fo
bits. The newspaper
our rights—the ou-
the annihilator of di
farmer in his ca-
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ing on in the capital
or in that of the na-
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part of the countr

The newspaper fu-
ness information, an
thing for the amus-
and gratification of al-
it is an invaluable
more so than tea, co-
luxury. He who rea-
is behind the age-
not knowin
the world, and a bor-
to his neighbors wh
He and his family
ignorance, of little use
at all times to become
rers.

ou wish to become val-
and thrifty citizens—
ear moral and intelli-
scribe at once for a
do not take one alrea-
subscribe but for one
our county paper, for
and duty to support
To you no paper will
and valuable. This is

RE-LIGION.—If reli-
inherently and suffi-
all men, these could
train from evil. This
s life and perfection to
ere with it concurst,
ever ensue, it breed-
gladness always, yet
satisfaction and reason-
of mind. Wherefore
down as an axiom of
that all things religi-
and are prosperously
(33) because, whether
ave that which religi-
desire, or that which
contentedly to suffer,
event fortunate.

[Hooker.]

—Don't rely upon
upon the good name
rs. Thousands have
of life in the vain hope-
called friends; and
arved because they had
upon the good name
your own exertions,
better than the best
ave is unquestionable
nited with decision of
remember that without
cannot truly prosper
acknowledge Him, and
path.

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DEMOCRATIC PIONEER.

Mr. D. J. Hill, Argus Office, Norfolk, Va., is authorized to receive subscriptions, &c., for the Pioneer and receipt for the same. He will also forward any favors from our Norfolk friends intended for publication in this paper.

Mr. V. B. PALMER is authorized to receive advertisements for the Democratic Pioneer in New York, Philadelphia and Boston, and receipt for the payment of the same.

Mr. W. THOMPSON, S. E. corner of Baltimore and South Sts., is authorized to receive advertisements for the Democratic Pioneer in the city of Baltimore, and receipt for the payment of the same.

TUESDAY MORNING, AUG. 20, 1850.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE "OLD NORTH STATE" AND Ourselves.

It seems that we have been peculiarly unfortunate in not being able to "satisfy" the editor of the "Old North State" as to our opinion on the proper mode of adjusting the slavery question. We stated that we were opposed to the "omnibus bill," and were in favor of the Missouri Compromise; but this does not satisfy our neighbor—he charges us with "dodging" the question, and alleges that he only desired to know whether we "advocated the Missouri Compromise as an *ultimatum*."

It is customary, we believe, for the *corps editorial* to discuss such opinions as are *actually* expressed, and not establish a self-constituted inquisitorial tribunal, for the purpose of summoning one member before another in order that, like a school-boy, he may be catechised as to what he *intends to say*. Our neighbor seems to have confounded his two professions of school-master and editor, and presumes to arraign our humble self before his august majesty for trial and sentence. Now we beg simply to inform him, that we acknowledge no such right on his part, or obligation on ours. But, vulture-like, his appetite could not be restrained until an opportunity offered—his desire to victimize us was so strong that he must needs attempt to decoy us into the field, in order that he might pounce upon and annihilate us.

Waiving, however, this question of etiquette and propriety, we shall endeavour to make ourself thoroughly understood; and whilst we shall define more elaborately our own position, we shall also undertake to show that the editor of the "Old North State," if his policy were adopted, would ultimately involve the South in utter, hopeless and abject servitude to the North.

The Missouri Compromise was adopted under circumstances the most trying that our country has ever witnessed since the organization of the Government, and it is *now* *the* *most* *dangerous* *day* that the Union might be saved and harmony restored. It was believed to be an infraction of the Constitution and a violation of the rights of the South. It was, however, *acquiesced in*, and comparative tranquility was restored. But scarcely had this most dangerous wound commenced healing, when the fanatics of the North renewed their unholy assaults upon Southern rights, and from that time to this have waged a bitter and unrelenting war against us. They have proved faithless to the most solemn obligations, and availed themselves of every occasion to trample upon the institutions of the South. We have, in turn, been ridiculed, slandered and traduced; our slaves have been stolen from us, and every effort made to excite them to rebellion and bloodshed; and when additional territory has been acquired, they have claimed the whole, and denied our right to any. We have borne much: we have reasoned, expostulated and protested: we have endeavoured to conciliate the North by every sacrifice which could properly be made. And what has been the result? Have the North evinced a reciprocal disposition? Have they appreciated our sacrifices and concessions? In a word, have they ever, upon any occasion, shown the slightest respect for our feelings or regard for our constitutional rights? Far, very far from it. Our forbearance has been taken for weakness and cowardice, and our concessions only emboldened them to further enormities. They are at this time more reckless and grasping than they were twenty years ago—and just in proportion as we recede do they advance. Where is this thing to stop? When are we to have peace? How are we to settle this matter satisfactorily to the North, even? If we grant her present demands, she will immediately increase them, and we shall be as far from land as ever; for the abolition spirit grows by what it feeds on.

Under these circumstances, if the crisis must come, let it come now, while we have strength to meet and resist it, and not wait until all worth saving has been lost, and it only remains for us to be delivered up, bound hand and foot, to our Northern masters. Every step that we make backwards weakens us and strengthens our aggressors, and we are, therefore, in favor of firmly maintaining our position, and fighting the battle where we are. We believe that if the South had stood up for her rights as she ought, and resolved to maintain them "at all hazards and to the last extremity," she could have had them. The North know too well the value of this

Union to them to permit it to be dissolved for the purpose of abolishing slavery; but, encouraged by the unsound expressions of such men as the editor of the "Old North State," who tell them, in substance, that they (the North) are contending for nothing more than their *fair* and *equitable* rights, they are determined to apply the screws and *extort* from us all they can. We say, then, that the South should take her stand, propose an *ultimatum*, and say to the North, "Thus far, but no farther." Let the Missouri Compromise be such *ultimatum*, and the North will grant it, and peace, harmony and quiet again prevail in the land. We feel perfectly confident of this, and do not entertain the shadow of a doubt that the policy recommended by the Nashville Convention, if firmly insisted upon by the entire South, could and *would* be adopted by the Federal Government. We strike for the Missouri Compromise as the means of *saving* the Union—not of *destroying* it. We urge it as the great panacea to heal the ghastly wounds with which the body politic is now lacerated, and we would not yield an inch more to the North than is conceded by that measure, unless an ample equivalent were rendered for every such concession—Thus much for our own opinions.

And now we propose to pay our respects to the editor of the "Old North State." He dare not propose an *ultimatum*, and yet has the modest assurance to ask us to do so! He shrinks from a responsibility which he wishes to thrust upon us! Nay, more—in default of getting what he timidly asks for, he would become a tame *submissionist*, for while he informs us that he favours the Senate's plan, he says if he cannot get that, he would take the President's, and so on, without intimating where he would stop retreating from the Northern lash, or whether he would stop at all if they should continue to push him!

Again, in the same paper, referring to Mr. Fillmore's message and Webster's letter to Gov. Bell in relation to the Texas boundary, our neighbor says:—"We cannot find one line or position taken in the message or the letter of Mr. Webster, the Secretary of State, in reply to the Executive of Texas, to which we do not give our *cordial assent*." The message and letter threatened to march the United States troops upon a sovereign State, if she dared to establish her jurisdiction over certain territory. The Senate's Compromise recognized the right of Texas to said territory by offering her ten millions of dollars for it; and the "Old North State" endorses the act as *fair* and *equitable*. Here, then, is an irreconcileable inconsistency. The Senate recognises the right of the Texas—the President denies that right, and the editor of the "Old North State" declares them *both* in the right! John Randolph declared that no man could ride on both sides of a sapling at once; but fortunately for him he did not—*to witness* the *gymnastic* *feats* of this modern editor, who, with the utmost facility, annihilates his favorite truism!

Our neighbor also desires to know if we will admit "that man, singly or in masses, is apt to ask for as much as he fairly and equitably entitled to receive." We not only admit but assert it—and if proof is desired, we point to the editor of the "Old North State," and the people of the North generally, as striking instances—for they not only ask for as much as they are fairly and equitably entitled to, but a great deal more! Nor can we be convinced, even with this admission, that the provisions of the Compromise bill of the Senate were fair or equitable. That bill abolished the slave trade in the District of Columbia, thereby acknowledging the right of Congress to legislate on the subject. Our neighbor says this is fair and equitable—we deny it *in toto*. The bill allowed the slave a right to trial by jury if captured at the North and brought back to the South, and compelled the master to prove his ownership, which he looked upon as surrendering at least a portion of Southern rights. But it is equally undeniable—and a fact upon record that he did finally consent to waive those objections, and to those scruples in a cession of the paramount importance of thus compromising a question which could not be satisfactorily settled on any other basis.

It is true that Mr. Calhoun always did regard the Missouri Compromise as a great concession on the part of the South—it is also true, that he did entertain constitutional scruples in regard to it, and feel indisposed to lend either his aid or countenance to the survival of a compromise which he looked upon as surrendering at least a portion of Southern rights. But it is equally undeniable—and a fact upon record that he did finally consent to waive those objections, and to those scruples in a cession of the paramount importance of thus compromising a question which could not be satisfactorily settled on any other basis.

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General Chaplin, who is charged with having kidnapped the slaves of Messrs. Toombs and Stephens, is handed over to the authorities of Maryland for trial.

The caucus of Southern members met on Saturday night, and passed nearly unanimously the resolutions reported by the committee of fifteen. There were thirty members present. The first resolution declares that the laws and constitution of the United States shall be the fundamental laws of the territories.

Second, that if the Northern States

peril the life and liberty of American citizens, they will insist on a division of the country on the line of 36° 30', with distinct recognition of property in slaves.

Third, that they will vote against the admission of California, unless restricted to the parallel of 36° 30'.

Fourth, they will not agree to any boundary of Texas and Mexico, which proposes a cession to New Mexico, any portion of territory south of 36° 30', and west of the Rio Grande, prior to the adjustment of territorial questions.

Fifth—that the representatives of the South will resist, by all Constitutional means, the Texas and California bills, until the settlement of the territorial questions.

Sixth—that the Committee of fifteen

continued, and that they call the Southern members together, when ad-

visable.

The Senate will stand 27 Democrats to 23 Whigs; and the House 65 Democ-

rats to 55 Whigs—making fourteen De-

mocratic majority on joint ballot.

and then declaring them obsolete—now

running a high-toned partisan for the Presidency, and then *smuggling* themselves into office under the false guise of *no-partyism*—a party, in truth, who have "boxed the political compass" from beginning to end—for *such* an editor, the organ of the immaculate Whig party, to lecture the Democracy upon political morality and consistency, is not only the height of presumption, but the very acme of absurdity!

In reference to the charge that Gov. Reid is a Wilmot Provisoist, it has received its quietus at the hands of the sovereign people; and the silly croakings of the "Old North State" have been silenced by the loud voice of a popular verdict, which has echoed Reid's entire soundness from the mountain to the sea-shore. The people were not "soft enough" to be gulled by such stuff—They have given the best evidence of their unbounded confidence in him, and we entertain not a doubt that the destiny of the State will be more safe in his hands than if reposed in those of a man who should declare that the plan of the Senate for settling the slavery question was "fair and equitable in all matters in dispute," notwithstanding that plan abolished the slave trade in the District of Columbia.

Before leaving the subject, we must correct a misstatement of the "Old North State." That paper says:

"Has the South for three years clamored loudly for non-intervention or non-action by Congress on the subject of slavery? This doctrine was *clearly* admitted and formed a prominent feature of the bill," (meaning the bill of the Committee of Thirteen.)

The doctrine of "non-intervention or non-action" was not "clearly admitted" by this bill, but, on the contrary, the right to interfere was expressly claimed and palpably exercised in the case of the District of Columbia, where it abolished the slave trade.

The article of the "Old North State"

winds up with an attack upon the begin-

ning of our remarks, and this may ac-

count for the strange incongruities which

characterize it. Beginning at the wrong

end is a dangerous business, neighbor,

and many a man has had his brains

blown out by getting at the wrong end.

Of his own gun.

With one more remark, we conclude

this article, which is already too long—

Our neighbor in his last paragraph, gives

some of his own friends a severe rap

over the knuckles, when he says: "The

Whig who was not thus sickened (at the

result of the election in this State) must

have had the stomach of one of the *ca-*

nine species." (The word "canine" was italicized in that paper.) Now we know

a number of Whigs who were *not* thus sickened!

and we are ready to believe that, however capacious their stomachs,

they will not tamely swallow the epithet

of dog when applied to them by one of

their own party. If they *are* *not* *arc-*

canine. Our neighbor, too,

knows that there are Whigs in this

vicinity who were not sickened at Manly's

defeat, and yet he boldly essayed to clas-

ify them with the canine species.

However, this is no affair of ours,

and we leave the "Old North State" to settle

its own disputes with its Whig friends.

MR. CALHOUN.

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and then declaring them obsolete—now

NAG'S HEAD.

We were one of a highly agreeable party of ladies and gentlemen who took passage on the fine packet schooner "Empire," on Wednesday last, for this delightful summer retreat. The wind being favorable, the "Empire" walked the water like a thing of life, and bore us to our destination in about six hours—this time being most pleasantly while away in social intercourse and conviviality, which was greatly enhanced by the "concert of sweet sounds" with which we were favored by several of the "fairer portion of creation."

On arriving at the beach, we were met by the polite and accommodating proprietor, Mr. Bateman, who conducted us up to the hotel, where we found a very large number of visitors from the various sections of the State. The main building was literally overrun, and every out-house on the premises was called into requisition for the accommodation of the guests constantly flocking there.

There were between one hundred and seventy-five and two hundred persons in the hotel, and it was estimated that the number on the hills amounted to five hundred or thereabouts. In truth, Nag's Head now presents the appearance of a respectable town, and the votaries of pleasure will there find inexhaustible resources of enjoyment—while the seeker after health cannot fail to realize the beneficial effects of the exhilarating surf-bath and health-giving sea-breeze, both of which can be had in all their freshness and purity. The scenery, too, is full of sublimity and grandeur. Mounting to the top of a lofty hill, you may scan, for miles around, the broad Atlantic, whose billows lave the shore and thunder forth the power and majesty of the God of Nature—the monotony of the scene being relieved by an occasional ship gliding smoothly "o'er the glad waters of the deep blue sea," and conveying the treasures of this and other countries.

But we have positive proof—"confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ"—that a man's after destiny depends almost entirely upon his education, and that if his mind is well stored with learning, rich and beautiful fields of pleasure and enjoyment are opened up to his view, to which the unenlightened are utterly strangers. With the greatest facility, he draws aside the curtain which veils the past, explores the vast fields of antiquity—revels in the enjoyment of scenes long past and remaining only on the page of history—lives over, as it were, the events which transpired in the time of his ancestors, and witnesses, with the eye of learning, the vast domains, splendid cities, bloody wars and illustrious sages, heroes and statesmen who fill up the picture of ages long gone by.

With what thrilling interest do we peruse the history of Rome, and trace her rapid rise, unparalleled progress, and ultimate downfall? Of Athens and Sparta, whose "deeds of noble daring" have become as familiar as household words. And with what delight do we study the old poets and philosophers! "As the bee upon the flower, we hang upon the honey of their eloquent pens, as they discourse of their subjects in thoughts that breathe and words that burn." These are pleasures of which the uncultivated mind knows nothing.

POETRY.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

Vain it were to say that night
Folds away the morrow—
O you cannot see the light
Through the aching sorrow!

Beauty from your eyes is borne,
Brother, sister, weeping;
But the cherub boy you mourn
Is not dead, but sleeping.

Folded are the dimpled arms
From your soft caressing;
Yet our God in darker forms
Sendeth down his blessing.

Death, a breeze from heaven astray,
Still, with wing the fleetest,
Drifts the lovely flowers away,
Where hope clings the sweetest.

Strong to change, but not destroy,
While the pale winglets
Veil the forehead of the ~~boy~~,
Bright with golden ringlets.

Faith, though dumb at the great loss
Which hath made you weepers,
Closer, closer clasps the Cross
Down among the sleepers.

And though wild your anguish be,
And your hearts all broken,
"Suffer them to come to me,"
Hath been sweetly spoken.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From Dickens' Household Words.]

FATHER AND SON.

One evening in the month of March, 1798—the dark time in Ireland's annals, whose memory (overlooking all minor subsequent events) it still preserved among us, as "the year of the rebellion"—lady and gentleman were seated near a blazing fire in the old-fashioned dining room of a large lonely mansion. They had just dined; wine and fruit were on the table, both untouched, while Mr. Hewson and his wife sat silently gazing at the fire, watching its flickering light becoming gradually more vivid; as the short spring twilight faded into darkness.

At length the husband poured out a glass of wine, drank it off, and then broke silence by saying—

"Well, well, Charlotte, these are awful times; there were ten men taken up to-day for burning Cotter's house at Knockname; and Tom Dwyer says that every magistrate in the county is a marked man."

Mrs. Hewson cast a frightened glance towards the windows, which opened nearly to the ground, and gave a view of the wide tree-sprinkled lawn, through whose centre a long straight avenue led to the high road. There was also a footpath at either side of the house, branching off through close thickets of trees, and reaching the road by a circuitous route.

"Listen, James!" she said, after a pause, "what noise is that?"

"Nothing but the sighing of the wind among the trees. Come, wife, you must not give way to imaginary fears."

"But really I heard something like foot steps upon the gravel, round the ~~gate~~ end—I ~~will~~—"

A knock at the parlor door interrupted her.

"Come in."

The door opened, and Tim Gahan, Mr. Hewson's confidential steward and right hand man, entered, followed by a fair-haired, delicate looking boy of six years old, dressed in deep mourning.

"Well Gahan what do you want?"

"I ask your Honor's pardon for disturbing you and the mistress, but I thought it right to come and tell you the bad news I heard."

"Something about the rebels, I suppose?"

"Yes sir; I got a whisper just now that there's going to be a great rising, to-morrow thousands are to gather before to-break at Kilcrean bog, where, I am told, they have a power of pikes hiding, and then they have to march on and sack every house in the country. I'll engage, when I heard it, I didn't let grass grow under my feet, but came off straight to your Honor, thinking maybe you'd like to walk over this fine evening to Mr. Warren's and settle with him what's best to be done."

"Oh, James! I beseech you, don't think of going."

"Make your mind easy, Charlotte, I don't intend it, nor that I suppose there would be great risk; but all things considered, I think I am just as comfortable at home."

The steward's brow darkened, as he glanced nervously towards the end window, which, jutting out in the gable, formed a deep angle in the outer wall.

"Of course 'tis just as your Honor pleases, but I'll warrant you there would be no harm in going. Come, Billy," he added, addressing the child, who by this time was standing close by Mrs. Hewson, "make your bow, and bid good night to master and mistress."

The boy did not stir, and Mrs. Hewson taking his little hand in hers, said—

"You need not go home for half an hour, Gahan; stay and have a chat with the servants in the kitchen and leave Billy with me—and with apples and nuts!"—she added smiling, as she filled the child's hand with fruit.

"Thank you ma'am," said the steward hastily, "I can't so—I'm in a hurry home, where I wanted this brat to stay to-night; but he would follow me. Come, Billy, come this minute you young rogue."

Still the child looked reluctant, and Mrs. Hewson said peremptorily—

"Don't go yet, Gahan; I want to speak to you by and by; and you know the mistress always likes to pet little Billy."

Without replying, the steward left the room; and the next moment his hasty footsteps resounded through the long flagged passage that led to the offices.

"There's something strange about Gahan since his wife died," remarked Mrs. Hewson. "I suppose 'tis grief for her that makes him look so darkly, and seems

almost jealous when any person speaks to his child. Poor little Billy! your mother was a sore loss to you."

The child's eyes filled with tears, and pressing closer to the lady's side, he said:

"Old Peggy doesn't wash and dress me as nicely as mammy used."

"But your father is good to you?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am, but he's out all day busy, and I've no one to talk to me as mammy used; for Peggy is quite deaf, and besides she's always busy with pigs and chickens."

"I wish I had you, Billy, to take care of and teach, for your poor mother's sake."

"And so you may, Charlotte," said her husband. "I'm sure Gahan, with all his odd ways, is too sensible a fellow not to know how much it would be for his child's benefit to be brought up and educated by us, and the boy would be an amusement to us in the lonely house. I'll speak to him, about it before he goes home. Billy, my fine fellow, come here," he continued, jump up on my knee and tell me if you'd like to live here always, and learn to read and write."

"I would, sir, if I could be with father too."

"So you shall—and what about old Peggy?"

"The child paused—

"I'd like to give her a pen'orth of snuff and a piece of tobacco every week, for she said the other day that that would make her happy."

Mr. Hewson laughed, and Billy prat-tled on, still seated on his knee, when a noise of footsteps on the ground mingled with low suppressed talking was heard outside.

"James, listen! there's the noise again."

It was now nearly dark, but Mr. Hewson still holding the boy in his arms, walked towards the window and looked out.

"I can see nothing," he said—"stay there are figures moving off among the trees, and a man running round to the back of the house—very like Gahan he is too!"

Seizing the bell rope, he rang it loudly, and said to the servant, who answered the summons—

"Faster the shutters and put up the bars, Connell; and then tell Gahan I want to see him."

The man obeyed; candles were brought and Gahan entered the room.

Mr. Hewson remarked that though his cheeks flushed, his lips were very white, and his bold dark eyes were cast on the ground.

"What took you around the house just now, Tim?" asked the master, in a careless manner.

"What took me round the house is it? Why, then, nothing in life, sir, but just that as I went outside the kitchen door to take a smoke, I saw the pigs, that Shanceen forgot to put up in their sty, making right for the mistress's flower garden; so I just put my *duddene*, lighting it as it was, into my pocket, and ran after them. I caught them on the grand walk, under the end window, and indeed ma'am, I had my own share of work turning them back to their proper spear."

Gahan spoke with unusual volubility, but without raising his eyes from the ground.

"Who were the people?" asked the master, "whom I saw move through the western grove?"

"People! your Honor—not a sign of any people moving there, I'll be bound, barring the pigs!"

"Then," said Mr. Hewson, smiling to his wife, "the miracle of Circé must have been reversed, and swine turned into men; for undoubtedly, the dark figures I saw were human beings."

"Come, Billy," said Gahan, anxious to speak.

"With faltering steps the father complied; and when they reached the parlor, he trembled exceedingly, and leaned against the wall for support, while the butler opened the door and said:

"Gahan is here, Sir, and wants to know will you let him speak to you for a minute?"

"Tell him to come in," said Mr. Hewson in a solemn tone of sorrow, very different from his ordinary cheerful voice.

"Sir," said the steward advancing, "they tell me you are going to send my boy to prison; is that true?"

"Too true, indeed, Gahan. The lad who was reared in my house, whom my wife watched over in health, and nursed in sickness—whom we loved almost as if he were our own, has *robbed* and that not once or twice but many times. He is silent and sullen too, and refuses to tell why he stole the money, which was never withheld from him when he wanted it. I can make nothing of him, and must only give him up to justice in the morning."

"No sir, no. The boy saved your life; you can't take his."

"You're raving, Gahan."

"Listen to me, sir, and you won't say so. You remember this night twenty years? I came here with my motherless child, and yourself and the mistress put me in their care, and I saw the effect of their love to him. Well for us all did so! That night—little you thought it!—I was banded with them that were sworn to take your life. They were watching you outside the window, and I was sent to inveigle you out that they might shoot you. A faint heart I had for the bloody business, for you were ever and always a good master to me; but I was under an oath to them that I *dar*n't break, supposing that they ordered me to shoot my own mother. Well! the hand of God was over you, and you wouldn't come to me. I ran out to them, and said—'Boys, if you want to shoot him, you must do it through the window,' thinking they'd be afraid of that; but they weren't—they were daring fellows, and one of them sheltered by the angle of the window, took deadly aim at you. That very moment you took Billy on your knee, and I saw his fair head in a line with the musket. I don't know exactly then what I said or did, but I remember I caught the man's hand, threw it up, and pointed to the child. Knowing I was a determined man, I believe they didn't wish to provoke me; so they watched you for a while; and when you didn't put him down they got daunted, hearing the sound of soldiers riding by the road, and they stole away through the grove. Most of the gang swung on the gallows, but the last of them died this morning quietly in his bed. Up to yesterday he used to make me give him money—sums of money to buy his silence—and it was for him that I made my boy a thief. It was wearing out his very life. Often he went down on his knees to me, and said: 'Father, I'd die myself sooner than rob my master, but I can't see you disgraced, Oh, let us die the country!' Now, sir, I have told you all—do what you like with me—send me to the gaol, I deserve it—but spare my deluded, innocent boy!"

It would be difficult to describe Mr. Hewson's feelings, but his wife's first impulse was to hasten to liberate the prisoner. With a few incoherent words of explanation she led him into the presence of his master, who, looking at him sorrowfully and kindly, said:

"William, you have erred deeply, but not so deeply as I supposed. Your father

has told me everything. I forgive him freely, and you also."

The young man covered his face with his hands; and wept tears more bitter and abundant than he had ever shed since the day when he followed his mother to the grave. He could say little, but he knelt on the ground, and clasping the kind hand of her who had supplied to him that mother's place, he murmured ed:

"Well tell him I would rather die than sin again."

Old Gahan died two years afterwards, truly penitent, invoking blessings on his son and on his benefactors; and the young man's conduct, now no longer under evil influence, was so steady and upright, that his adopted parents felt that their pious work was rewarded, and that in William Gahan they had indeed, son

grayed in rustic finery, "surely ye're not coming to the court to-day?"

"Indeed I am," she replied; "I'll go and give the poor prisoner a blessing with my eyes, since I can do nothing else for him. Why should I stay away when a man is to be tried for his life because he loved us too well? Surely we must go and say to him by our presence, that we are with him in our Irish land."

"It's no place for women, I tell ye," exclaimed Phelim, with sudden violence, and then coaxingly—"indeed, you must not go. Stay at home, and think of what I'm telling ye, that I've got fifty golden guineas, and that we can be married next ~~year~~, or as soon as you'll only say the word."

"Fifty guineas in real gold! Who gave them to ye? was it the master, or—"

"Hush! here's the master's own voice calling me now, so I must go. Stay at home, dear, or I'll not forgive you."

"I don't understand ye, Phelim, and I will go to the Court," said Mary to herself, "fifty guineas of bright and heavy gold—blessings on the giver!"

In the opening case, the prosecuting attorney was observed to look anxiously around the court, as if in search of some particular face. Each time he was disappointed, and at last was obliged to announce, that in the absence of the principal witness, the crown would first resort to other evidence. And meager enough was the evidence to bring the crowded court. Every thing manifestly depended upon the principal witness, the *Informér*, and, without his speedy appearance, the prisoner would, doubtless, be entitled to an acquittal. At last the *Informér* took the stand.

"I'm a very original affair," said I laying down the paper of that day.

"What is that?" asked my companion.

"I refer to that scene in the trial of Smith O'Brien when Dobbin, the Irish detective, is proved a perjurer by the unexpected testimony of Mr. D'Alton—All the circumstances connected with the visit of D'Alton at the *Freeman of the City*, the hasty and successful measures instantly taken to bring him into court; the crushing power of D'Alton's testimony, and the complete unmasking of Dobbin—would seem to mark the whole as an interference by Providence, if all these things had not so unaccountably failed in the great result."

The gentleman to whom I said this, was a gray headed refugee from Ireland since the great rebellion in "Ninety-Eight." He paused a few moments, and then replied, in a voice tremulous with rage and strong feeling.

"I dare not trust myself to speak of the trial of O'Brien, for it reminds me of the days of Fitzgerald and Emmet. But there is one incident of those times which I can mention with more calmness.—You remark suggested it. I will tell you of a 'providential interference' this time *successful*, in a trial of somewhat similar character. The actors were obscure, and are now forgotten by all, except those who then stood in the courtroom, and saw the heroism of a poor servant girl trampling upon her own love, for the sake of truth and justice in the cause of Ireland. They never can forget it. All that I did not at the time understand in the affair, I afterwards learned by inquiry of others—so strong was the impression of the humble heroine made within me."

The informer felt the moist, yet flashing eye of Mary Donovan, burning into his brain, and he shivered with terror, but the voice of the Prosecuting Attorney soon restored him to self-possession, and he testified as follows:

"He had disguised himself and joined the rebels in their great meeting on the night of their first rising. He had especially marked the prisoner at the bar, as the seeming leader and the one under whose direction the whole body acted. He heard this prisoner utter words and do acts of treason on that night. This was the substance of his testimony, and so clear, full and direct was it throughout, that every one saw that the prisoner's life was hanging on the words from this informer's lips. The Crown lawyers skilfully pumped him of everything and found that he had done full justice to his training."

Late on Hallowmas Eve, a young man and girl were sitting in the servant's room of an Irish country seat. The father was a fat and buxom lass, known far and near as "pretty Mary Donovan." She had an honest face too, where the heart seemed looking forth, and one for whose real nobility a man might pledge his life. At the moment it was clouded with anxiety and timid love.

Very near her sat a young man with one of those false, handsome faces, that we occasionally meet, and always look upon a second time. His glossy hair was elaborately curled, and his eye, hard and bright like jet, was marked with insincerity. His whole appearance was, as I have just said, handsome and false.

"I'm the young girl whom he was ear-

"Louder!" cried one of the judges.

"It was on the night before the rising—Hallowmas Eve."

"No! it was not on Hallowmas Eve," exclaimed Mary Donovan, rising with an uncontrollable impulse. "Phelim you are not even an *informér*—you are perjured!"

"Then," said he, "remember I know in whom I have believed, and that he holds the winds in His fist, and the water in His hollow of His hands."

"My dear, are you not afraid? How is it possible you can be so calm in such a storm?"

He arose from his chair lashed to the deck, and supporting himself by a pillar of a bed-place, he drew his sword, and pointing it to the breast of his wife, he cried:

"Are you not afraid?"

"No, certainly not," she replied.

"Why?" said the officer.

"Because," rejo